

Title: Rune Artisem Vol I

Author: Rune Artisem

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Most children in  
Sosaria grow up  
knowing and loving  
their beloved parents.

A very few grow up  
hating their parents.

I, on the other hand,  
had no parents to raise  
me. My parents, as  
I'm told, were a

nobleman of Lord  
British's court and a  
slut on the streets of  
Vesper. When it grew  
time for my birth, my  
father was far away  
in Britain unaware  
for what was going on.

As for my mother,  
well needless to say  
that only one of us  
survived my birth I  
grew up in the slums  
of Vesper with a few  
other abandon  
children and we took  
care of our own.

It was then that a  
strange man appeared.

He dressed like a  
mage, but acted  
completely different  
then your typical  
mage, for he treated  
us, riff raff  
abandoned children,  
like equals. He told us  
that he was a very  
wealthy man who  
lived on the island of  
Moonglow and that he  
had need of servants  
in his tower. He told  
us that if we would go  
with him he would  
make sure we would  
be taken care of, as

long as we remained in his services.

Needless to say, we all agreed. The mage introduced himself as Monric, a former member of the Council of Moonglow. Monric had fashioned a ship the size of which I had never seen in my entire life to take us to Moonglow. He had a few servants on his ship that seemed quite nervous whenever he would be around. One servant even went as far as to put his hand on my head and say "May the Virtues protect thee" when Monric was away on another part of the ship.

We all thought the servants to be stupid slobs, for Monric was as polite and kind as anyone we had ever seen. How wrong we would be... After arriving in Moonglow, we had a full escort in traveling to Monric's tower. What I found strange about the escort was that the men escorting us were not that of the city guards, but knights clad in armor as dark as night. Not one of them spoke a word, not even to Monric. He would give his command, and they would obey.

When we arrived at the tower, all the knights stopped and did not make the slightest move. We entered the tower and

saw most wonderful things. Ancient relics, rare trophies, even a sample of thelegendart Blackrock reagent. But the house reeked a horrible smell... the smell of Death... We where motioned to a rather large room with a few cots on them. Monric explained that this would be our room and if he needed us then he would speak through the communication crystal that was placed on a small table. He also warned us that under no circumstance were we allowed to wander the upper levels of his tower.

Weeks passed, and not once did Monric give us one command. Finally, after being in the tower for months now, Monric issued a command. He asked Ben (the rude bully of our group) to come to his study on the top level. Ben rudely replied that he did not know where Monric's study was. Monric politely responded that the gentlemen outside our room would escort Ben to Monric's study. Ben opened the door and saw two of the dark claded knights standing outside. However, something was much different this time, for most of the children screamed in horror.